This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

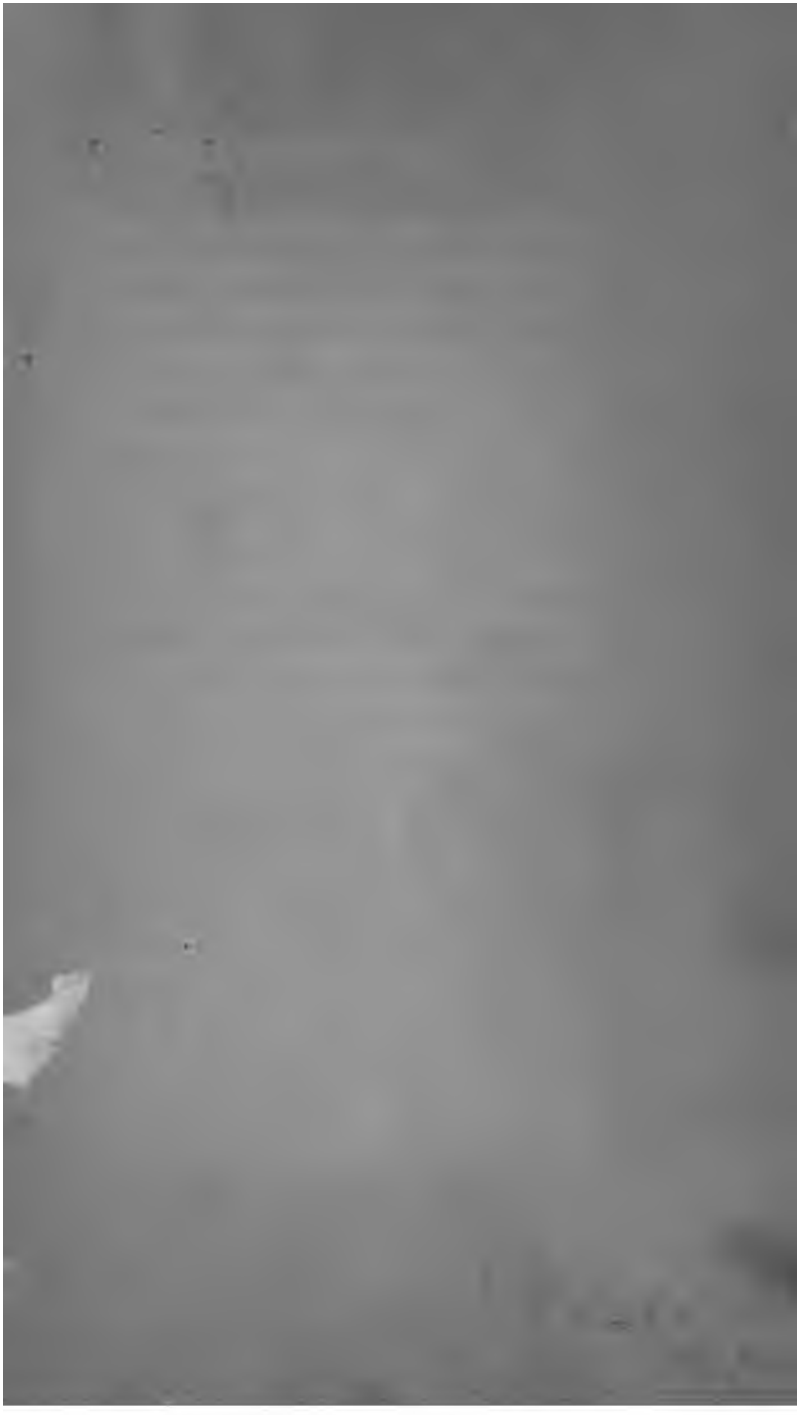
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 07485595 2



THE

MILLER'S MUSE;

RURAL POEMS.

BY ROBERT FRANKLIN,

FERRIBY SLUICE, LINCOLNSHIRE.

HULL:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY I. WILSON, LOWGATE;

SOLD ALSO BY THE AUTHOR: BALDWIN, CRADOCK AND JOY; LONGMAN, HURST, AND CO.; AND G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER, LONDON; RODFORD, HULL; MISS WILBAR, BARTON; BROOKE AND SON, AND DRURY AND SON, LINCOLN; STARK, GAINSBRO'; JACKSON AND SON, LOUTH; TURNER, BEVERLEY; AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

1824.

FUL
153375
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1901

TO THE PUBLIC.

At the time of putting several of the following ideas into metre, I had no thought of offering them to the world, in their present shape; but by the solicitations of several of my friends, who have seen some of them in the newspapers, I have been induced to undertake their publication.—Whether they possess any thing like poetical merit, I do not feel sufficient confidence to pronounce; but I trust there will be little found that can be offensive to a liberal mind; and, when it is considered that their author labours under the disadvantages of a limited education, I am in hopes they will be read with some indulgence on that account.

With respect to criticism, it is observed in the preface to Robert Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy, that "with some, a person must be rich, or titled, or fashionable as a literary name, or at least fa-

shionable in some respect, good or bad, before any thing that he can offer will be thought worthy of notice."—If these are requisites essential to poetical reputation, I must fall infinitely short, since I can make no pretensions to any of them. Formerly in the humble capacity of a servant, and latterly engaged in the business of a miller, there can be little in these situations of life to commend me to the attention of my readers; yet I cannot forbear thinking, that wherever merit is found, in however humble a degree, it will, sooner or later, obtain friends and meet with its proportionate reward. Impressed with this idea, without farther hesitation I commit my feeble efforts to the world, leaving their merits or defects to the decision of a generous and discerning public.

Should any objection be made to the title of the book, (several of the poems having been written during my state of servitude) I can assure the reader, if I may be thus allowed to express myself, that I have been a miller at heart all my life,—that my forefathers were millers for ages past,—and I was brought up at the post mill at Barrow, till the age of fourteen, where I acquired a knowledge of the business, which, perhaps, in more mature years, I might never have so effectually obtained; but having no

father to protect me, and my grandmother, of course, leaning somewhat more to the inclinations of her own children than to those of her grandchild, I was obliged to leave the place, and went to live with the Rev. Edward Henry Hesleden, Vicar of Barrow.

* * * * * *

I have since frequently pondered over what may justly seem to have been the work of an overruling Providence—the chain of events, by which I not only obtained a situation in life congenial to my wishes, but also became the possessor of that very place, which, when a boy, I was unwillingly compelled to leave in tears.

It is a common observation, that he who talks much of himself is, for the most part, either disagreeable, or heard without any degree of attention; but if I may be permitted to proceed a little farther, in my own way, I have a few remarks to make respecting some of the poetry.

The *Native Village*—the first piece in the book, has been the longest written. Except some slight alterations, it was composed in the year 1809. A visit to my friends at that time gave rise to it, after a long absence—during part of

which time I had been with Mr. John Goodwin, upon the continent. Whilst there, I had listened attentively to the chimes and different bells, particularly at *Hamburg*, and thought none sounded with such sweetness as those of my own native village; and although gratified in many respects, I believe it was the strangeness of a foreign land, and the turbulence of a wintry main, contrasted with the calm serenity experienced on re-visiting the scenes of my youth, that perhaps, raised in my mind a greater partiality for my native village than might otherwise have existed.

If I am thought to have exaggerated on the *Pleasures of Childhood*, or to have displayed an overweening fondness for the place of my birth, I ask forgiveness. But in my opinion there are few affections stronger, and none more lasting, than the affections of childhood. Our boyish rambles, and childish amusements, with few exceptions, are held in pleasing remembrance to the latest day.

Poor William, though a singular character, is a copy from real life,—his name was *William Gowthorpe*, a native of *Barrow*.

Having read the newspapers during the penin-

sular campaigns, and reflected on the dreadful accounts of war and bloodshed, at the time of Bonaparte's first overthrow, and subsequent to his banishment to the island of Elba, I felt truly rejoiced at the cessation of hostilities; and while rejoicings and illuminations were taking place on every side, and *Orange Boven* was the cry, *The Blessings of Peace* was written, and obtained a place in one of the Hull newspapers.—I mention this, because it will be found applicable to that period only.

The seat of John Nelthorpe, Esq. at South Ferriby, forms the subject of the verses entitled *The Banks of the Humber;* the introduction to them is descriptive of the front of his house, which, at the period of their composition, was covered with woodbine and roses, the tendrils of the woodbine extending up to the slates; and at the spring time of the year, it was one unvaried bloom.

Although my stay with the above gentleman was not very long, and immediately previous to my becoming a miller, yet I can justly observe, that I never felt the shackles of servitude press lighter, than while in his service. But to say the least, it never was my misfortune to meet

with *hard masters*;—I have reason to respect them all.

I cannot close this address without expressing my thanks to those friends who have already honoured me with their names as subscribers to the present publication. Their patronage will always be borne in grateful recollection by their obliged humble servant,

ROBERT FRANKLIN.

Ferriby Sluice, Lincolnshire,
May 20, 1824.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD YARBOROUGH.

SIR HENRY NELTHORPE, BART.

LADY NELTHORPE.

A.

Alderson, John, M. D. Hull
Alderson, Mr. J. jun., ditto
Atkinson, Mr. Anthony, ditto
Anderson, Mr. James, do. 2 copies
Astrop, Mr., ditto
Arnett, Mr. Samuel, ditto
Atkinson, Mr. George, ditto
Atkin, Mr. John, jun., ditto
Appleton, Mr. John, ditto
Allen, Mr. W. S., ditto, 6 copies
Addy, William, ditto
Arden, Mr. J. B., Beverley
Allison, Mr. Wm., Cottingham
Ashton, Mr., Barton
Andrew, Mr. William, ditto
Anyan, Mr., Winterton
Anyan, Mr. William, ditto
Andrew, Mr. Robert, Appleby
Atkinson, Mr. Thos., Bonby
Anonymous, Saxby

B.

Bromby, Rev. J. H., Hull
Bolton, Miss M., ditto
Beadle, Mr. J., ditto
Bartle, Mr. John, Hull
Bilton, Mr. Robert, ditto
Burton, Mr. Thomas, ditto
Burdon, Miss, ditto
Brian, Mr. Robert, ditto
Bayley, Mrs., ditto
Bygott, Mr. John, ditto
Barker, Mr. William, ditto
Bingham, Miss C. S., ditto
Brown, Mr. Thomas, ditto
Betty, Mr. W. S. ditto
Beevor, Mr., ditto
Burton, Mr. T. L. ditto
Broadbent, Mr., ditto.
Bedell, Mr. Edward, ditto
Bell, Mr. T. A., ditto
Burstall, Mr. F., ditto
Bolton, Capt., ditto
Boyle, Mr. John, ditto
Blezard, Rev. J., ditto
Burton, Mr., ditto
Bristow, Mr. Charles, ditto
Brumby, Mr. Thomas, ditto
Boothman, Mr. John, ditto
Banks, Captain, George, ditto
Beaman, Mr. James, ditto

Brown, Mr. R., solicitor, Barton
Brown, Miss, ditto
Bradley, Miss D., ditto
Burton, Mr. William, ditto
Brewer, Mrs., ditto
Brown, Mr. William, ditto
Brewer, Mr. John, ditto
Brown, Mr. W., surgeon, ditto
Brewer, Mr., ditto
Burnett, Mr. William, ditto
Brocksom, Mr. John, ditto
Bell, Mr. William, ditto
Burks, Mr. W., Barrow, 2 copies
Bell, Mr. James, ditto
Burkill, Mr. John, Wintringham
Brankley, Mr. Robert, ditto
Brankley, Mr. William, ditto
Burkill, Mr. Thomas, ditto
Borrow, Mr. J., Winterton
Barratt, Mr. ditto
Barratt, Mr. J. jun., ditto
Burkill, Mr., Garthorpe
Bennett, Mr., Normanby, 2 copies
Barker, Mr. W., Burton, ditto
Brown, Mr., Scawby
Beaulah, Mr. John, ditto
Brazer, Mrs., ditto
Bainton, Miss M. A., ditto
Bennett, Mrs., Appleby
Brown, Mr. Thomas, ditto
Bennett, Miss, Horkstow
Bingham, Miss, Brigg
Ball, Mr. Thomas, ditto
Bartle, Mr. William, ditto
Bartle, Mr. George, ditto
Brownlow, Mrs., Wooton Dale
Barron, Mr. Reuben, Wootton
Bentinck, Rev. Mr., Sigglesthorne
Boyce, Rev. H., Hedon
Brankley, Mr., Skidby
Bennett, Mr., bookseller, Nottingham, 2 copies
Burton, Mr. Thomas, Barrow
Beacock, Mr. Matthew, Winterton
Bayldon, Mrs., Hollinghirst, near Wakefield

C.

Crosse, John, Esq. F. S. A., Hull
Collinson, Mr. John, ditto
Cobb, Mr. John, ditto
Cammell, Mr., ditto
Campleman, Mr., ditto
Colver, Mr., ditto
Clark, Mr. John, ditto
Carter, Miss H., ditto
Candler, Misses, Ayton
Cook, Mr., Bishop Burton
Cole, Mr. J., Scarbro'
Coggen, Mr. Geo., Burringham
Cartwright, Mr. George, Spittle
Cartledge, Mr. H., Gainsbro'
Cartledge, Mr. Sylvanus, Lincoln
Crossby, Mr., London
Coopland, Mr., Winterton, 3copies
Capes, Mr. George, Barton
Cradock, Mr., ditto
Clough, Miss C., Gayton
Chafer, Mr., Wintringham
Clarvis, Mr. John, ditto
Curtis, Mrs., South Ferriby
Clark, Mr. Joseph, ditto
Colton, Mr., Brigg
Cuningham, Mr. James, ditto
Clayton, Miss E., Scawby
Collinson, Mr. J., Beverley

D.

Des Forges, Mr. Samuel, Hull
Davies, Mr., ditto
Draper, Mr. William, ditto
Dawson, Mr. William, ditto
Dennis, Mr., ditto
Dawson, Mr. Thomas, ditto
Dewick, Mrs., ditto
Dowson, Mr. Thomas, ditto
Dresser, Mr., ditto
Dixon, Mr. Robert, Barton
Dent, Mr., ditto
Dancer, Mr., ditto, 2 copies
Duncum, Mr., ditto
Doughty, Mr. J., ditto
Dauber, Mr. John, Brigg
Dunham, Mr. Miles, ditto

Darley, Mr. Joseph, Brigg
Dunn, Mr. Thomas, Elsham
Drury, Mr. Edward, Lincoln
Des Forges, Mr. Thomas, Burton
Davy, Mr. W., Ulceby
Dawson, Mr. Charles, Beverley
Dawson, Mr. George, Appleby
Dee, Mr. William, Barton

E.

Eglin, Joseph, Esq., Hull
Evison, Miss, ditto
Eggleston, Miss, ditto
Exley, Mr. Samuel, ditto
Earle, Mr. John, ditto
Everatt, Mr. John, Saxby
Espener, Mr. Richard, Horkstow
Espener, Mr. Thomas, Burnham
Everatt, Miss, Worlaby
Everatt, Mr. Robert, Kettlebythorpe
Easton, Mr., East Halton
Emperingham, Mr. Thomas, Barrow

F.

Foxton, Miss, Hull
Foster, Mr. John, ditto
Foster, Mr. R., ditto
Fewster, Mrs., ditto
Friend, A, ditto
Foster, Mr. George, ditto
Fourdrinier, Mr. H., London
Feathersone, Miss, Barton
Fairy, Mr., ditto, 2 copies
Fowler, Mr. Joseph, Winterton
Fardell, John, Esq., Lincoln
Forster, Mr. John, Wintringham

G.

Garbutt, Mrs., Hull
Gee, Mr. Joseph, ditto
Gleadow, Captain, ditto
Gardener, Captain, ditto
Gill, Miss E., ditto
Galloway, Mr., ditto
Gray, Mr. Robert, ditto
Glover, Mr. James, ditto
Goulding, Mr. Robert, ditto
Grantham, Rev. Dr., Scawby
Grantham, Captain, ditto
Grantham, Mr. H., ditto, 2 copies
Goodwin, Mrs., ditto
Goodwin, Misses, ditto
Gale, Mr. Benjamin, ditto
Goulton, Miss, Bonby
Graburn, Mr. James, Barton
Goy, Mr. William, solicitor, do.
Girdley, Mr. James, ditto
Glentworth, Miss, ditto
Gregory, Mrs., Brigg
Gregory, Miss Jane, ditto
Gregory, Mr. James, ditto
Green, Mr. Samuel, ditto
Gleddle, Mr., ditto
Galloway, Mr., South Ferriby, 2 copies
Gibson, Mr. William, ditto
Green, Mr. John, Roxby
Green, Mr. Isaac, Coleby
Gilding, Mr. George, Winterton
Gibson, Mr. John, Horkstow

H.

Hustwick, Mr. R., Hull
Hick, Mr. J. ditto
Hopp, Mr. John, ditto
Haslewood, Mr. John, ditto
Harrison, Mr. Joseph, ditto
Hudson, Miss, ditto
Hall, Mr. William, ditto
Higson, Mr., ditto
Harrison, Mr. J. I., ditto
Horner, Simon, jun. Esq. ditto
Hollingworth, Mr., ditto
Holden, Mr. Thomas, ditto
Heighley, Mr. William, ditto
Hardisty, Mr., ditto
Houghton, Mr. W., ditto, 2 copies
Hobson, Mr. William, ditto
Hayton, Mr. J. B., ditto
Hamerton, Mr. James, ditto
Heath, Mr. Robert, ditto
Hodgson, Mr. John, ditto
Haddon, Mr. James, ditto
Hutchcroft, Mr. Robert, ditto
Harrison, Mr. John, ditto

Hodgson, Miss Jane, Ripon
Hesleden, Mr. W. S., Barton
Hesleden, Mrs., ditto
Holgate, Mrs., ditto
Harrison, Mr. William, ditto
Hayes, Mr. C. surgeon, ditto
Holme, Mr., surgeon, ditto
Hardy, Mr. William, ditto
Hardy, Mrs. M., ditto
Hesleden, Rev. E. H., Barrow
Hardy, Mr. Joseph, ditto
Hardey, Mr. Joseph, ditto
Heseltine, Mr. William, Worlaby
Holmes, Mrs., Bonby
Hindley, Mrs., ditto
Horsley, Mr. John, Saxby
Hindley, Mr. George, ditto
Hudson, Mr. John, Horkstow
Hunter, Mr. J. Hibaldstow
Houghton, Mr. T., South Ferriby
Hewitt, Mr., ditto
Howell, Mr. T., Ferriby Sluice
Hall, Miss, Scorbrough
Hall, F. jun., Esq., Hessle
Harrison, Mr. W., Drypool, 2 copies
Hall, Mr. William, Horkstow
Houlton, Mr. George, Ulceby
Hurd, Miss. E., Alford

I.

Irving, Mr. William, jun., Hull
Ingoldby, Mr. John, Barton, 2 copies
Isles, Mr. David, Scawby
Ireland, Mr. Anthony, Barrow

J.

Jarratt, William, Esq., Hull
Johnson, Mr. W., ditto
Johnson, Mr. B. L., ditto
Jacobs, Mrs., ditto
Jackson, Mr., ditto
Joyce, Mr. solicitor, ditto
Jones, Mr. Henry, ditto
Jacks, Mr. Charles, ditto
Johnson, Mr. Thomas, ditto
Jubb, Mr. Thomas, Barton
Johnson, Mr. Thomas, Scawby
Johnson, Miss, Kirton Fen
Johnson, Mr., South Ferriby
Jackson, Mrs., Saxby

K.

Kershaw, Mr., Hull
King, Colonel, Lincoln
King, Mr. M., South Ferriby, 2 copies
Kirk, Mr. Joseph, Barrow
Kirk, Mr. Theophilus, ditto
Kaye, Mr. William, Brigg
Kennington, Mr. F., Wrawby
Kirman, Mr. William, Roxby

L.

Lee, Rev. G., Hull
Lowthrop, Mr., ditto
Laverack, Mr. W., ditto
Lyon, Mr., ditto
Levett, Mr. N., ditto
Lison, Miss E., ditto
Lambert, Mr. A., ditto
Langley, Miss, ditto
Laverack, Mr. M., ditto
Lewis, Mr. William, ditto
Leaberry, Mr., ditto
Leonard, Mr. William, ditto
Lison, Mr. Edward, ditto
Lunn, Mrs., Barton
Lunn, Miss, ditto
Long, Mr. J. T., ditto
Lambert, Mr. George, Barrow
Leaper, Mr. W., Withernwick
Low, Mr. W., London
Langton, Mr. Thomas, Elsham

M.

Moxon, Mr. W. jun., Petersburg
Moxon, Mr. R. J., do. 3 copies
Moxon, Mr. Henry, Hull
Masterman, Mr. John, ditto
Metham, Mr. James, ditto
Mitchell, Mr., ditto
Morley, Mr. T. B., ditto

Martin, Mr. S., Hull
Meggitt, Mr. Thomas, ditto
Marshall, Mr. William, ditto
Monday, Mr. Joseph, ditto
Marris, Mr. Henry, ditto
Mawmill, Miss D., ditto
Moon, Mr. D., ditto
Marshall, Mr. Thomas, ditto
Marshall, Mr. T. B., ditto
Murray, Mr. Edward, ditto
Morton, Mr. R. T., ditto
Marriott, Robert, Esq., Barton
Minto, Mr., ditto, 5 copies
Minto, Mr. John, ditto
Meggitt, Mr., ditto
Morley, Mr. William, ditto
Macksted, Mr., Winterton
Marris, Mr. William, ditto
Michaelwaite, Mr. Richard, do.
Marshall, Mr. William, Auckbro'
Marshall, Mr. I., Saxby
Macdonald, Mrs, South Ferriby
Mousseer, Mr. John, New Village
Mellows, Mr. John, London
Maxwell, Miss M., Beverley

N.

Nelthorpe, John, Esq., South Ferriby Hall
Naylor, Mr. Charles, Wintringham
Naylor, Mr. John, ditto
Naylor, Mr. Joseph, Winterton
Newton, Mr. Joseph, Barton, 2 copies
Newton, Mr. John, ditto
Naylor, Mr., Hull
Newton, Mr. John, ditto
Northen, Mr., ditto
Northen, Mrs. Richard, ditto
Newham, Mr. Robert, jun., Barrow

O.

Ouston, Miss H., Brigg
Oxtoby, Mr., ditto
Oglesby, Mr. Samuel, Barton
Ormrod, Mr. George, Moorfield
Oglesby, Mr. John, Saxby
Oldham, Mr, Hull
Orry, Mrs., ditto

P.

Pease, J. R. Esq., Hesslewood
Parkinson, Miss, Hull
Palmer, Mr. T. W., ditto
Pettinger, Mr. George, ditto
Powell, Miss E., ditto
Peacock, Miss L., ditto
Parkin, Mr. William, ditto
Purdon, Mr. Thomas, ditto
Park, Miss Elizabeth, ditto
Percy, Mr. W. B, ditto
Preston, John, Esq, Barton
Preston, Mr, ditto
Park, Mr, ditto
Preston, Miss, Bonby
Parkinson, Mr. Thomas, Brigg
Parker, Mr. W, ditto
Potter, Mr, ditto
Pape, Mr ditto
Peck, Mr. George, Scawby
Pocklington, Mr., South Ferriby
Penny, Mr. Joseph, Ferriby Sluice
Popple, Rev. E., Welton
Poskitt, Mr., Brandsburton
Popple, Miss, Winterton
Potts, Mr. James, Roose

Q.

Quarton, Mrs., Hull

R.

Raikes, Robert, jun., Esq., Hull
Rodford, Mr. John, ditto, 20copies
Robinson, Mr. Samuel, ditto
Richardson, Mr. Robert, ditto
Rooth, Mr. Joseph, ditto
Robinson, Mr. Luke, ditto
Rosendale, Mrs., ditto
Rhodes, Mr. William, ditto
Richardson, Mr. William, ditto
Robinson, Mr. C., ditto
Rivis, Mr., ditto

Roberts, Mr., Hull
Ruston, Mr. Francis, ditto
Rayner, Mr. B., ditto
Rayner, Miss, ditto
Roe, Charles, Esq., Hessle
Richardson, John, Esq. Horkstow, 2 copies
Rycroft, Miss, Scawby
Rudkin, Mr., surgeon, Brigg
Rowbotham, Mr., ditto
Rowbotham, Mr. William, ditto
Richardson, Mr. John, Northlands-house, Winterton
Robinson, Mr. Thomas, Winterton
Richter, Rev. H. W. South Ferriby
Rack, Mr. Joseph, ditto
Roberts, Mr. John, ditto
Roberts, Mr. Thomas, Normanby
Robinson, Mr. George, Barton
Robinson, Mr. John, ditto
Reedal, Miss, Wintringham
Roberts, Mr., Roxby
Ryley, Mr. Charles, Louth
Ross, Mr. John, Cottingham
Richardson, Mr. William, Melton
Robinson, Mr. William, Barton
Reed, Mr. Charles, Saxby

S.

Simpson, Major, Garrison, Hull
Smith, Mr. John, ditto
Stephenson, Mr. William, ditto
Smith, Miss, ditto
Shackles, Mr. John, ditto
Stocks, Mr. B., ditto
Smithson, Mr. George, ditto
Smithson, Mr. Richard, ditto
Smithson, Mr., ditto
Stephenson, Mr. William, ditto
Stather, Mr., ditto
Staniforth, Mr. John, ditto
Stewart, Mrs., ditto
Stamford, Miss H., ditto
Smith, Miss C., ditto
Summers, Mr. Joseph, ditto
Shimells, Mr. E, ditto
Simpson, Mr. John, Hull
Scarborough, Captain, ditto
Swan, Miss, ditto
Somerscales, Mr. C., ditto
Saner, Mr. John, ditto
Smith, Rev. J., ditto
Stone, Mr. Thomas, ditto
Senior, Mr. William, ditto
Shepherd, Mr. A., ditto
Stephenson, Mr. William, Groves, ditto
Stickney, Mr., Ridgmont
Stickney, Mr. Joseph, ditto
Stamford, Mr., Aldbrough
Sargeson, Miss S., Willerby
Saner, Mr., London
Sharp, Rev. Mr., Saxby
Sharp, Mrs., ditto
Stephenson, Mr. Thomas, ditto
Such, Mr. John, ditto
Snowball, Mr. Anthony, Appleby
Shepherd, Mr. James, Ferriby Sluice
Spight, Mr. John, ditto
Splayfoot, Mr. W., ditto
Smith, Mr. John, South Ferriby
Smith, Mr. Thomas, ditto
Skinner, Miss M., ditto
Sharp, Mr. John, West Halton
Stubbs, Miss, ditto
Sergeant, Mr. Thomas, East Halton
Shephard, Mr. George, Bonby
Scarborough, Mr., Wintringham
Spencer, Mr. I., ditto
Sheffield, Mrs., Burton
Sewell, Mrs., ditto
Stephenson, Mr., Winterton
Smith, Mr. J., Horkstow
Smith, Mr. William, Brigg
Sergeant, Mr. John, Barton
Shiner, Mr., ditto
Stothard, Mr. Barnard, ditto
Sherwood, Mr., surgeon, Barrow
Sherwood, Mr. Iram, ditto, 2 copies

T.

Thompson, Mrs. Caius, Hull
Thompson, Miss, ditto
Thompson, Mr. John, ditto
Taylor, Mr. Thomas, ditto
Turner, Mrs., ditto
Tomlinson, Mr., ditto
Teamby, Mr. J., ditto
Thompson, Mr. M. C., ditto
Todd, Mr. John, ditto
Taylor, Mr. William, ditto
Thorney, Mr. John, ditto
Tate, Mr. John, ditto
Tufnell, Mrs, Horkstow Hall, 7 copies
Turner, Mr. George, Saxby
Tripp, Mr. William, South Ferriby
Twydle, Mr. Geo. Ferriby Sluice
Twydle, Mr. F., ditto
Taylor, Mr. R., Swinfleet
Tomlinson, Mr. W., Wintringham
Thompson, Mr. E, Appleby
Thorp, Mr. John, Brigg
Taylor, Mr. John, Barton
Todd, Mr., ditto

U.

Uppleby, Rev. G., Barton, 2 copies
Usher, Mr., Saxby

W.

Whitaker, Charles, Esq, Hull
Whitaker, Capt., R. N.
Wilson, Mr. Isaac, ditto, 25 copies
Wharton, Mr. Thomas, ditto
Wells, Mr Richard, ditto
Wardell, Mr., ditto
Walton, S. S., Esq, ditto
Woolley, Mr., ditto
Wilson, Capt. C., ditto
Wallis, Mr. Edward, ditto
West, Mr. Edward, ditto
Waudby, Mr, ditto
Walker, Mr. John, ditto
Wilson, Mr. W., Hull
Walker, Mr. Robert, ditto
Wilson, Mr. James, ditto
Ward, Mr. P, ditto, 2 copies
West, Mr. William, ditto
Watson, Miss Sarah, ditto
Wilson, Mr. William, ditto
Wilson, Mr. William, solicitor, ditto
Watson, J. K. Esq., Hessle Mount
Wilson, Mrs., East Dale
Witty, Mr. Wm., Cottingham
Wallis, Mr. George, ditto
Wallis, Mr. A., Welton
Wallis, Mr. John, London
Watson, Miss, Bilton
Wade, Mr. George, Laxton
Welburn, Mr. Brigg
Welburn, Miss, ditto
Wilks, Mr., ditto
Waddingham, Mr. South Ferriby
Waddingham, Mr. John, ditto.
Waddingham, Mr. Thomas, ditto
West, Mr. Robert, ditto
Walker, Mr. Robert, ditto
Wells, Miss. T., ditto
Wilson, Miss M. A., Scawby
Wells, Mr. Thomas, Winterton
Waterland, Mr, Thealby
Walkden, Mr., Saxby
Wilbar, Miss, Barton
Wilson, Mr. Thomas, ditto
Wilson, Mr. William, jun., ditto
Wright, Mr., ditto
Whitehead, Mr. William, ditto
Wilkin, Mr., Barrow.
Westaby, Mr. Thos. do. Field House
Walker, Mr. John, Bonby

Y.

Young, Mr. Edward, Barrow
Young, Mr. Joseph, ditto
Young, Mrs, Burton
Young, Mr. William, Swanland
Youhill, Mr, Saxby

ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIBERS.

B.

Brown, Miss, Barton Lodge, 2 copies
Beckett, Mr. Alexander, Barton
Bell, Mr George, Barrow
Barker, Mrs., Hull
Brown, Mr. Robert, Winterton

D.

Dunn, Mr. Joseph, South Ferriby
Dalton, Miss, Winterton Field
Dawson, Mr. Charles, Barton
Dunn, Miss, Bonby

F.

Fulstow, Mr George, Barrow
Friend, A, Brigg

G.

Graburn, Robert, Esq. Kingsforth, near Barton

H.

Holgate, Mr. G. H., Brigg
Holdsworth, Mrs., Hull
Hendry, Mr. William, ditto
Hasslewood, Mr. John, ditto
Hudson, Mr. Joseph, Barton
Hall, Mr. John, ditto
Hewson, Mr. William, ditto
Hill, Mr. Thomas, ditto
Haldenby, Mr. William, Whitgift Ferry

J.

Jeffery, Mr. William, Hull
Jackson, Mr. Thomas, Welton

L.

Leedham, Miss, South Ferriby Cliff

P.

Parker, Mr. Robert, Wrawby

R.

Roberts, Mr. Thomas, Hull

S.

S. H., Hull
Stubbs, Mr. M., ditto
Spencer, Mr. Francis, Horkstow Hill
Sheppard, Miss, Waddingham
Scott, Mr. Matthew, Thealby
Scott, Mr. Robert, Hensal, Yorkshire

T.

Taylor, John, Esq., Burnham, near Barton
Toft, Mr. J., South Ferriby
Twive, Mr. Benjamin, Bonby
Tomalin, Mr. Joseph, Hull

W.

Waters, —, Esq. Wressel Castle
Wilson, Mr. Thomas, jun., Barton
Waggott, Mr. John, ditto
Wright, Mr. P., Barrow
Watmouth, Mr., Brigg
Willis, Mr. John, South Ferriby
Wales, Mr. Robert, Doncaster
Woodmancey, Mr. Thomas, Hull
Ward, Mr. Thomas, Brickhill Farm, near Brigg

INDEX.

	PAGE
THE NATIVE VILLAGE	1
THE MURDERER	9
POOR WILLIAM	18
THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE	19
THE SWALLOW'S RETURN	27
A SUMMER'S SABBATH MORNING IN THE COUNTRY	29
THE SCHOOL MISTRESS	37
A VISIT FROM BRIDLINGTON TO FLAMBRO' HEAD	41
THE LOCK OF HAIR	51
WATERLOO	55
LINES TO ELLEN ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY	57
THE SUICIDE'S GRAVE	61
APPROACH OF SPRING	63
SUMMER	65
AUTUMN	67
NOVEMBER	69
THE POACHER	73
THE EVENING STAR	77
REFLECTIONS ON NAPOLEON	79
THE CONVICT	85
GRIEF AND SICKNESS	89
LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG FEMALE	91
THE BANKS OF THE HUMBER	93

THE NATIVE VILLAGE,

OR, THE PLEASURES OF CHILDHOOD.

WHERE is that speck of earth serenely gay,
Where fancy lingers to its latest day?
Where is that speck of earth, in thought so fair,
With skies the brightest, and the purest air;
Where the pleas'd eye surveys without alloy,
And looks again with undiminish'd joy;
Where fond remembrance ever brings to sight
Some new enjoyment in the past delight;—
That place, whate'er our changeful minds partake,
We love,—and never, never can forsake?

Ah! this, (exclaims the feeling voice of man,)
Is where my infant pleasures first began;
Where the gay scenes that gild life's opening day,
And sports of earliest years have pass'd away.
And here that very speck of earth is found,
With many a pleasing view and welcome sound,

Where my first years and earliest sports were spent
In calm simplicity and sweet content;—
Here first to sight the fair green earth was given;
Here first beheld the radiant light of Heaven;
Here tott'ring childhood made its first essay
To run, to speak, and taste the charms of play;
Here gentle Spring appears more sweetly mild,
And fading Autumn leaves a lovely wild;
Here Winter's cheerful in the darkest storm,
And Nature pleasing in her rudest form.

Dear native village, hail! the seat of mirth;
Joy of my youth, and witness of my birth;
Tho' long a stranger to thy peaceful charms,
Tho' long a wanderer from thy sheltering arms,
Tho' far from thee my wasting years decline,
Once more receive me, for I'm truly thine—
Once more thy rural beauties let me see,
And with a lover's fondness gaze on thee.
For oh! how welcome every scene appears,
That charm'd the childish mind in earliest years.
Yon straggling elms that skirt the rising hill,
The scatter'd hamlets, and the aged mill,
The church—the bells, by absence sweeter made,
The spreading hawthorn, and the vernal shade,

All, all, have charms, and each alike conveys
The calm delight that crown'd my early days;
Those cheerful days to mirth and sport inclin'd—
So fair remembrance forms them in the mind,
That if the thought were not absurd and vain,
I'd ask to live these very days again.
Blest season, when no guile pollutes the breast,
When every feeling's honestly exprest,
When love to friends is shown whate'er oppose,
And hate as openly declar'd to foes,
When no false look performs a worthless part,
To hide the sting that's pointed at the heart.
Here lie the grounds on which we us'd to play;
Here pass'd our sports of innocence away.
There stands the oak beside the little pool,
So often visited when leaving school,
Where jokes and frolics fill'd each heart with glee,
Whilst numbers cut and carv'd the aged tree.
Here too a cheerful group were yearly found,
When each with straw and sticks, in bundles round,
Fed the bright flame beneath November's sky,
And burnt the effigy of traitor GUY.
But where my playmates now? ah! whither fled?
Some few are here—some distant—some are dead.

'Tis thus in life we find our friendships end,
And death divide the relative and friend.
Yes, some are gone! remember'd when away,
Whom I had wish'd to meet some future day;
And fondly hop'd to shake, ere life's decline,
The friendly hands of those who once shook mine.
But 'tis in vain; the heart can only mourn
Or sigh for those that never may return.
Companions of my youth, who still remain,
Who shar'd with me the joys of childhood's reign,
And eager chas'd, beneath a summer sky,
The murm'ring bee, and harmless butterfly;
Who witness'd every game and pastime too,
I dedicate my humble lines to you;
And name those objects that could once impart
Mirth, joy, and wonder to the childish heart;—
The rainbow in its varying colours drest,
When the dark thunder-storm had howl'd to rest;
The big white clouds, in fancy packs of snow;
The setting sun that sought the vale below;
The bush, the hedge, where, with inglorious care,
We robb'd, ah! basely robb'd, the feather'd pair;
The well-known pasture, and the meadow gay,
And many a gambol on the new-made hay;

The neighb'ring fields, o'er which induc'd to roam,
We ran to hail the joyful *Harvest Home;*
Delighted join'd the cheerful shouting band,
When the last load mov'd slowly o'er the land;
Plac'd on its top, with green boughs circled round,
We hail'd the village with redoubled sound;
When poor *old Edward* shook the orchard's bough,
A prize for all the scrambling race below.
The thought of these, and many a faded scene,
Recal to mind the joys that once have been;
All speak a language, and inform the mind
Of various pleasures, ever left behind.
Sweet too those sounds, and dear to times of old—
The harmless bleating of the neighbouring fold,
The cheerful voices of the village throng,
The cowherd's well-known horn, and milkmaid's song,
The various murmurs sounding from afar,
The lark's soft note that hails the morning star.
And why are these so fascinating found,
That now in almost every place abound?—
Or why so grateful, heard so oft before?—
Because they're such as heard in days of yore;

And what in childhood charm'd the ear and eye,
Is more than welcome till the day we die.
Skirted with flowers in all the pride of May,
This gentle stream in silence steals away,
Which winding flows to yon secluded nook,
That bounds the ruin, and protects the rook,
And joins the Humber's never-failing stream,
Whose banks, how worthy of poetic theme!
What tho' no tow'ring cliff, a dang'rous steep,
Frown on the strand, and shade the restless deep;
What tho' no gloomy woods, in awful pride,
Romantic fringe the mountain's sloping side;
No barren coast a dreary prospect yields,
No churlish soil degrades the neighbouring fields,
But waving corn-fields shed their bounteous store,
And flow'ry meads adorn the rockless shore;—
Few seamen here sustain the dismal night,
No fatal wreck appears at dawn of light,—
But milder scenes the watchful eye regale,
The bark, the keel, and skiff of lighter sail,
Which skim the rippling deep, intent to seek,
Whilst others issue from, the friendly creek.
Glide on ye billows! O, still may you glide
Smoothly along upon the stemless tide,

And countless barks adorn your realms the while,
To bless our beauteous ever-peaceful isle.
Once more the well-known village claims my care,
For still my kindest wishes centre there.
Peace to the blooming never-fading spot,
The sprightly mansion, and the lowly cot—
Peace to each breast! May no keen wants assail,
But plenty bless the tenant of the vale.
Ye distant woods, that form a woodland scene,
Where Thornton's mould'ring Abbey tow'rs between;
Ye native scenes, where memory loves to dwell;
Ye ever welcome, dear delights, farewell!
Farewell each prospect of the pleasing view!
Companions, friends, and relatives, adieu!
I go;—yet gratitude attempts to show
Her firm affection in the parting vow.
May rocks and mountains from their seats be torn,
And clouds of darkness shroud the face of morn,
If I forget this fav'rite nook of earth,
The lovely village that proclaim'd my birth!

THE MURDERER.

THO' various ills in ev'ry state abound,
With sons of wretchedness dispers'd around,
Sure, of all woes that e'er oppress'd mankind,
There's none like those that haunt the murderer's mind.
Can he, whose hands deep-stained with human gore,
Chill'd the warm pulse, and chok'd each vital pore,
Can he from anguish share a short release,
Or taste the blessings of internal peace?
Can he enjoy the balmy sweets of rest,
Or the calm sunshine of a virtuous breast?
No, never! tho' his crime's unknown below,
These soft *delights* he must not, cannot know.
Nor friends nor home his ling'ring hours beguile;
No joy has he in sweet affection's smile;

Each look, each scene, that charm'd in happier years,
All! all! the face of dread and horror wears;
Nature's fair charms ne'er glad his sullen eye,
Nor lovely tint that gilds the evening sky;
But far from scenes of joy and social mirth,
A wretch he wanders, trembling o'er the earth,
Till faultering *guilt*, in ev'ry shape, design'd
To torture and betray the human mind,
Becomes his foe, and stamps his friendless name
On the vile list of infamy and shame,
Bears him to prison walls and dark despair,
By far the most abandon'd object there.
For, lo! the wretch whom want induc'd to leave
His home at midnight, or the shades of eve,
Who dar'd dishonesty, yet in the deed
Sought no more violence than redress'd his need—
He thinks of death, yet while his fears relent,
Hopes his worst sentence only banishment:
Not so the Murderer! no such hopes are his;
He lies without one beam of earthly bliss;
If he hath ne'er this awful sentence read,
"Who shed man's blood by man shall his be shed,"
Conscience informs him nothing can defend
Or save him from an ignominious end;

He, shivering, sickens at the dawn of light,
And trembles at the dismal thoughts of night;
And oh! would you his nightly picture draw,
In dreary dungeon, on a bed of straw,—
Behold he lies amid the darkest gloom,
Where no kind friend salutes the joyless room,
No cheerful ray of light! tho' slender boon,
Deny'd the friendly glimpses of the moon;
With frightful dreams the hours of sleep abound,
(For sure a Murderer's sleep can ne'er be sound)
While the terrific phantoms of the brain
Pourtrays the victim his rash hand hath slain;
He starts, and terrors from his eye-balls flash;
Views the red current and the horrid gash;
So strong the impressions which his mind partake,
That fancy still depicts them when awake;
Or, if tir'd nature ghastly dreams defy,
And peaceful slumber seals his languid eye,
Alas! how soon he wakes, still more forlorn,
(For grief's the most severe at reason's dawn)
Wakes to a deeper sense of guilt and woe,
And ev'ry hardship he must undergo;
If fond remembrance former joys explore,
His hapless doom proclaims these joys no more.

Thus while reflection thwarts his mind so foul,
And keen remorse torments his famish'd soul,
Almost distracted with a thousand fears,
Perhaps the wretched trembling culprit hears
Some neighb'ring clock relate the hour that's past,
And thinks how soon he'll hear that clock the last;
Still farther looks, and sees in fancy's eye,
The gazing crowd that comes to see him die;
Thinks how he shall sustain the painful view,
In which he bids this lower world adieu;
Anticipates the dread of parting breath,
And counts o'er all the agonies of death;
Shudd'ring, he wonders how his soul shall brave
The hour that wafts to scenes beyond the grave,
And what his everlasting state shall be,
Thro' the vast ages of eternity.
Good Heav'n! what griefs mankind themselves create!
And what more dreadful than a Murderer's fate?
Abhorr'd by man, ere out of being thrust,
And e'en his bones deny'd their parent dust—
Stranger to virtue—all he leaves behind
Is but a warning for deprav'd mankind,

POOR WILLIAM.

HOWEVER long we pass life's fleeting hours
Remote from relatives and native bow'rs,
At our return, some secret thoughts unfold
Some nameless feelings, never to be told.
And much I love to tread yon well-known lane,
Where *William* dwelt, alas! poor hapless swain!
Ah! see that cottage, with its roof of thatch,
Whose door still opens with a wooden latch;
There was he once beheld a lovely boy,
A father's blessing, and a mother's joy;
Nor was aught noted, in his rising years,
To grieve or steep a parent's couch with tears;
For tho' a swain, he, in his native place,
Was deem'd superior to the rustic's race,
Till to that state, O! mournful state! consign'd,
Bereft of all the faculties of mind;

While ev'ry social feeling ceas'd to flow,
He fail'd to labour, and forsook his plough.
And now th' afflicted youth would ceaseless roam,
Regardless of his friends and peaceful home,
In lonely solitude, through wood and wild,
With solitary scenes alone beguil'd.
But whence the change? his own, or from above—
Whether distractive care or hopeless love—
The woeful cause why reason thus withdrew,
The wisest of the village never knew.
In a remote, sequester'd, dreary vale,
Where human footsteps seldom did prevail—
Save when some shepherd wistful took his round,
Led by the wand'ring sheep-bells' tinkling sound,
Thro' furze and briar, that cloth'd the niggard soil,
And mock'd the ploughshare and the ploughman's toil—
There would he dwell whole days in wretched plight,
And there would pass the darksome moonless night.
Yet strange, for hours awake, and those he slept,
Two sep'rate haunts, two drear abodes he kept;
Within a turf-built shed, of shapeless form,
Where shepherds shelter'd from the beating storm,

Here he would nightly lay his shiv'ring head,
The cold unfriendly earth his joyless bed;
And when the gloomy shades of night gave way
To the bright beams of all reviving day,
Crept to a neighb'ring brake, (mysterious plan,)
And shunn'd, for ever shunn'd, the face of man.
E'en cold and hunger, ever-powerful foes
To human nature, and to man's repose,
He there sustain'd, and mark'd with listless eye,
The raging tempest and the wintry sky.
Yet times there were, when he, in sullen mood,
From thence would wander in the quest of food;
With stockings loose, a waistcoat unconfin'd,
And tatter'd coat that flutter'd in the wind,
Within the village seen; but even then,
Short was his absence from the distant glen;
For if at home awhile constrain'd to stay,
When unobserv'd he always stole away—
And, tho' on pity's bounty chiefly fed,
He never crav'd, he never begg'd his bread;
But when the gen'rous hand his wants reliev'd,
He ever cold and thanklessly receiv'd.
His senseless breast was never made rejoice,—
Dead to the sound of soft compassion's voice;

But when his hands of food a portion bore,
And stinging hunger broke his rest no more,
He, with unweary'd step, retrac'd the road,
To reach his lonesome, comfortless abode.
Thus pass'd his cheerless days in youthful prime,
Whose fancy travers'd nature's coldest clime;
Nor friends, nor parents, could his course restrain,
They strove and wept—but wept and strove in vain.
Oft have my childish steps been led astray,
Fearful to meet him on the public way;
But false my fear, and causeless my alarm,
His bosom never meditated harm.
And could I *now* his wonted form review,
My rising soul might render pity due.
For oh! if soothing sympathy would find
Her greatest object in distress'd mankind,
If there be one supreme, 'tis surely he,
The hapless victim of insanity,
Whom no sound joy or ray of hope can cheer,
Upon this chequer'd, sublunary sphere.
Such William was;—for lo! arriv'd the hour,
When frenzy fir'd each intellectual power.

No more the abject wanderer trac'd, forlorn,
Those barren fields, ne'er clad with waving corn;
Freedom, alas! he might no longer share,
Nor breathe his mental woes in ambient air;
But, sad to tell, close bound, he rav'd and sigh'd,
And, in yon poor-house walls, in chains, he died.

THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE.

WHILE cheerful Spring displays her genial pow'r,
In bud, and leaf, and sweetly varied flower;
While nature wakes, and all the feather'd throng
Resume their gladness in the woodland's song;
Lo! gentle *Peace*, fair smiling and serene,
With olive branch, inspires the grateful scene.
What joy to see surrounding states combin'd
In leagues of Peace and unison of mind.
And who, that know of war's unnumber'd woes,
Will not rejoice to see the world's repose?
Who, at this blissful season, feel unblest,
That soothes the sorrows of the aching breast?
Lo! weary thousands, who have, crimeless, bore
Distress and hardship on a distant shore,
In prison doom'd to pass their days forlorn,
From country, home, and ev'ry comfort torn,

Now cross the deep, beneath a friendly sky,
With joy to cheer the long-dejected eye—
Now meet the husband, wife, and father,—minds
Link'd in the closest tie that nature binds;
With offspring left in childhood's tender frame,
Ere they could faultering lisp a father's name,
Who now mature in youthful bloom, engage
To bless their parents in declining age.

And see! the mother start, in rapture wild,
Elate to re-embrace her long-lost child,
Whose boundless feelings ev'ry feature speaks,
While tears of transport trickle down her cheeks.

Yes! and for you, ye British maidens fair,
For you, how many youths have languish'd there!
Then weave your garlands since they cease to mourn,
And let each wear them on his safe return.
And O! what numbers have been forc'd to roam,
Bereft of all and left without a home;
Who wander'd with their helpless babes afar,
To shun the all-devouring flames of war.
But now the dawn of brighter days impend,
And these distressful lamentations end.
For where the tyrant now? whose high-blown pride
Was courted, flatter'd, serv'd on ev'ry side.

Where now the tyrant? he whose ruthless hand
Spread woe and desolation o'er the land;
The man who swore to grasp the polar bound,
Till *Moscow's* walls lay flaming on the ground;
Who scatter'd fire and death where'er he trod,
While shudd'ring nations trembled at his nod;
Who cities, kingdoms, monarchs, headlong hurl'd,
And rose the wonder of a wond'ring world.
As when some meteor, of enormous size,
Flames in the air, and sails along the skies,
The village swains, astonish'd, gaze profound,
And dire alarm pervades the country round.
But ah! how chang'd the mighty! how forlorn!
The conquering chief at once the heir of scorn;
Of all his trophies and his laurels won,
There's scarce a voice to shout 'twas nobly done;
And why?——
Because unbounded aims his mind decreed,
And peaceful virtue never bless'd the deed;—
Yet strange! whom nought could satisfy erewhile,
Now seeks a distant, solitary isle.
Thus to one speck of earth we see confin'd
The greatest, basest, meanest of mankind,

Nor wonder if the head that wore a crown,
Unwept, unhonour'd, to the dust goes down.
O ! happier far the slave, that sighs in vain,
Chain'd to the oar upon the watery main,
Than he, who, (doom'd to meet the worst disgrace)
Flies the just vengeance of an injur'd race—
Example fit, in public and alone,
For all that sway the sceptre of a throne;
To teach the warrior, glorying in his might,
The dread that crests ambition's dang'rous height;
And haply some instructive lesson give
To distant ages who have yet to live.
Yet this is he, the Prince of vast renown,
Who rashly strove to call the world his own;
While Britain's arms sustain'd a friendless train,
And, for the injur'd, bled at ev'ry vein.
Yes! tho' we see in Albion's peaceful clime,
Her blooming sons meet death in early prime,
And many a youth, whom friends may ne'er see more,
Unbury'd lies on some bleak desert shore—
But what this trivial grief? or what the grave
To deathful scenes beyond the western wave?

Where blood-stain'd fields and faded vallies tell
Where Britons conquer'd, but where Britons fell.
And did they fall?—Ah! yes, to rise no more—
When *Douro's* streams ran red with human gore.
How dreadful flow'd the crimson tide around,
When gallant *Moore* receiv'd the deadly wound;
Alike when vanquish'd *Gallia* took her flight
From *Talavera* and *Busaco's* height;
How many sunk, and sigh'd their last farewell,
When *Badajoz* to British valour fell;
And O! how many were untimely slain
At *Salamanca* and *Vittoria's* plain;
And all those recent scenes with bloodshed fraught,
Where *Wellington* and *Hill* so nobly fought!
Yet sure of all the direful conflicts past,
The most distressful clos'd the scene at last.
O! say what shameless breast would not release
The joyful messenger of dawning peace?
Had he arriv'd, thousands had never bled,
And rolling floods of tears remain'd unshed;
But since these cease, and make a general pause,
Britons rejoice, for 'tis a glorious cause.
Arise, my soul! on airy pinions rise!
And thank the sov'reign ruler of the skies,

Who sheathes the sword, and blasts the trumpet's
breath,
And bids soft *Peace* once more inhabit earth!
No longer man and horse, from deadly blow,
In ruin sink to darkest shades below.
No more the blood-stain'd flag is wav'd on high,
While thund'ring cannons cloud the azure sky;
The battle's rage is now no longer told,
And flocks and herds possess their native fold.
Yet while we joy to count these horrors o'er,
With rumours of oppression heard no more,
Forgive the muse, whose feelings, too severe,
Still turn to *those* to weeping thousands dear—
Whose mangled limbs, releas'd from pain and
toil,
Now calmly slumber in a foreign soil.
O may soft Spring, array'd in vernal bloom,
With fairest flow'rs bedeck each warrior's tomb;
There shed their fragrant sweets, and only die
Beneath the rigour of a wintry sky.
Thither may hungry wolves no more repair,
Nor croaking ravens hover in the air;
There grim-fac'd carnage never more be spread,
To rouse the ashes of the silent dead;

But where *they sleep*, those grounds may pity save,
In tribute to the memory of the brave;
And their survivors just requitals know,
While the green laurel shades each valiant brow.
And trust, ere long, the gladsome eye shall hail
The broken soldier in his native vale;
Bound to his home he treads the grass-green way,
While tuneful birds are heard on every spray;
And, while the thoughts of future joys beguile,
Sits down to rest upon some well-known stile,
Or, happier seat, where hawthorns tow'r above,
Where first his Mary sigh'd to vows of love.
Plac'd where no sounds molest, no fears controul,
He thus breathes out the language of his soul;—
"Here shall *this* wasted, sadly-alter'd form,
"Lash'd in the raging battle and the storm,—
"Here shall my wand'rings and my troubles cease,
"And life's last setting sun depart in peace!"
Then moves to reach the lowly dwelling nigh,
While tears of gratitude bedim his eye;
There joy and wonder ev'ry where prevail,
And all the village pant to hear his tale.

Now *Commerce* courts each fav'ring gale once more,
And, shouting, hoists a sail on ev'ry shore;
And rural maids survey the warlike swain,
Amid his flocks and fruitful fields again.
Thrice happy change! O may it know no end,
But ev'ry nation prove each other's friend;
May gentle peace, in never-setting rays,
With smiling plenty gild our future days;
May fortune kind, to every land impart
The charms of nature and the gifts of art;
And ev'ry state from jarring discord free,
Cherish the smiles of sweet tranquillity;
Till man on earth partake of heav'n above,
In leagues of unity and bonds of love!

THE SWALLOW'S RETURN.

WELCOME! welcome! feather'd stranger,
Now the sun bids nature smile;
Safe arriv'd, and free from danger,
Welcome to our blooming isle:
Still twitter on my lowly roof,
And hail me at the dawn of day;
Each morn the recollected proof
Of time that ever fleets away!

Oft I've thought on thy departure,
Wond'ring whither thou hadst fled.
Doom'd to cross the raging water,
One might have suppos'd thee dead;
But I've found thee as before,
Strike the pool and skim the plain,
And now behold thee from my door,
Pursue the self-same round again.

Fond of sunshine, fond of shade,
Fond of skies serene and clear,
E'en transient storms thy joys invade,
In fairest seasons of the year;
What makes thee seek a milder clime?
What bids thee shun the wintry gale?
How know'st thou thy departing time?
Hail! wond'rous bird! hail, Swallow, hail!

Sure something more to thee is given,
Than myriads of the feather'd race;
Some gift divine, some spark from heav'n,
That guides thy flight from place to place!
Still freely come, still freely go,
And blessings crown each vig'rous wing;
In thy long flight meet no rude foe,
Delightful *Messenger of Spring!*

A SUMMER'S SABBATH MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

How sweet, while summer reigns, the op'ning morn,
When pearly dew-drops hang on every thorn;
When the carnation and the fragrant rose,
Unscorch'd by day, their balmy sweets disclose;
When the green corn with blossom'd beans between,
And scented hay-fields crown the rural scene!
But chief the *Sabbath Morn* my thoughts attend;
The good man's glory, and the poor man's friend.
On this blest morn, the balm of various woes,
So fam'd for *peace*, for *silence*, and *repose*,
Fain would I think the sun appears to rise
With milder influence in yon eastern skies,

Tinging with ruddier streak the mountain's brow,
And gleaming brighter on the vale below;
Fairer, methinks, the views around, I trace,
And lovelier tints adorning nature's face.
Here while ten thousand matchless blooms abound,
In all the sweetly varied landscape round,
The joyous birds upon each leafy spray,
Harmonious usher in the hallow'd day;
Note after note in soft gradation raise;
Warbling to *Heav'n* their great *Creator's* praise.
Tho' ev'ry day, yea ev'ry passing hour
Displays the greatness of Almighty pow'r,
Yet these, when noted on the day of rest,
With tenfold raptures fire the virtuous breast.
How chang'd the scene from yesterday! Around,
No pond'rous waggon thunders o'er the ground;
No toils or bus'ness in the fields prevail,
Save where the milkmaid bears her flowing pail;
Or humble shepherd, duty calls from home,
To guard some flock that might diversely roam.
Free from the yoke and lash of hurrying swain,
The weary horse basks on the flow'ry plain;
Alike the ox, to-morrow's dawn employs,
The grateful interval of rest enjoys.

How still the village! Peaceful, and serene,
No childish clamour's heard upon the green;
Hush'd is the tuneless voice, and labour's call;
No jingling trowel strikes the new-laid wall;
No more, resulting from each noisy trade,
Discordant sounds the listening ear invade;
Mute lie, obsequious to the sacred law,
The sounding hammer, and the busy saw;
No keen-edged axe assails the lifeless tree,
But all is silence and *tranquillity*.

Yet most delightful is the settled peace
That man enjoys when six days' labours cease.
How grateful is the thought, and O, how blest,
To think what thousands of my fellows rest,
Who've borne the burden of the week's turmoil,
Engag'd in bus'ness and laborious toil!

Congenial day of joys that never fail,
Delightful pictur'd in life's lowly vale!
Now the dark *smith* looks out with placid smile,
Free from the bellows' roar and grating file;
Nor arms the hoof, nor beats the plough's rough share;
But rests, or seems to rest, from ev'ry care.

He, doom'd to weekly toil, with smutty face,
In yonder smoky, suffocating place;
Beneath that roof where oft the anvil's din,
Fully acquaints you what's perform'd within,
Before his flaming forge compell'd to stay,
Half-broil'd with heat, the live-long summer's day;
To him how welcome is the day of rest!
In lovely Sunday's better garments drest,
He now can sit, and join in serious talk;
Or meditative take his morning walk,
Through neighb'ring woods and fields of cheerful green,
By him on other days but seldom seen.
And sweet the Sabbath is to him who yields
His daily time and vigour to the fields:
On other days he's ever doom'd to rise
Soon as the rosy morn unveils the skies,
And each domestic charm compell'd to leave,
No more returning till the shades of eve;
But on *this* day, in which great Heaven design'd
The joy, the peace, and solace of mankind,
No dreaded toil, no urgent labour calls
Him from his ever-peaceful hamlet's walls,—

He now has time to read the sacred page,
The good man's favourite theme in ev'ry age;
And to that *Power* his adoration pay,
That first ordain'd and bless'd the hallow'd day.
  See, 'midst the windings of this narrow lane,
Alone frequented by the village train,
Yon lowly cottage, built in ancient style,
With walls of mud, and roof'd without a tile;
Where mantling woodbine half its light impairs,
And lines of lead divide the humble squares;
The *Sabbath* cheers e'en this sequester'd place!
What joy's depicted in its owner's face,
Whose little ones sport round as forth he goes,
Delighted to display their Sunday's clothes!
  Nor are the blessings of this day less known
In the dark city, or the crowded town.
Lo! there how many wand'ring forth are seen,
To catch a glimpse of nature's beauteous green;
To taste the breeze of health, the morning air,
Releas'd from scenes of toil and sounds of care;
While ev'ry copse and hedge that skirts their way,
Delightful smells, and blooms with wild flow'rs gay;

And many a pious thought the mind enjoys,
Free from the city's smoke and all its noise.
And see the sailor-boy, the least on deck,
Displays his better blue and cleaner check!
The abler seaman, too, return'd from sea,
While sportive children fondly climb his knee,
Enjoys a Sabbath and his home on shore,
Where billows and the storm are felt no more.
But deem not that the muse would fain display
These as the brightest glories of the day:
Far higher joys the pious bosom greet
Where yon assembling congregations meet;
Where rich and poor their mingling voices raise
To *Heav'n's high King* in joyful sounds of praise,
And the loud organ pours its notes along
In all the sacred eloquence of song!
When from the good man's lips persuasive flows
Truths, which the *Christian* heart approves and knows;
While strong conviction to *his* mind is given,
And the full soul is mounting up to Heaven—
He feels no longer to the world a slave!
His brightest hopes extend beyond the grave.

Thrice happy day whose grateful charms are found
In almost every clime the world around!
E'en where the lone benighted Indian roves
Through spicy fields, and yellow citron groves,
The Sabbath dawns with peaceful happy mien.
Though lands divide and oceans roll between,—
Yet the poor *Negro*, wretched and forlorn,
Far from his weeping friends and country torn,
With gladsome heart salutes the sacred day,
And thanks his God the white man came to pray!
This welcome day his breast with joy o'erflows—
The only day of rest he ever knows!

But mark the lovely scene, diffus'd around!
That fruitful hill, with vernal beauty crown'd;
And yon broad oaks, that form a stately row;
With all the grandeur of the vale below.
Sure all the good that Heaven on man bestows
In copious torrents, here profusely flows!
And yet, alas! how few, with grateful eye,
Look up to Him who rules in yonder sky;
Or see, around this fair terrestrial ball,
That *Power supreme* that lives and breathes in all!

And pleasing 'tis to hear near service time,
The village bells in soothing accents chime:
So soft the cadence at each tuneful round!
How lovely and inspiring is the sound—
More sweet, more harmonizing to the mind
Than half the sickly pleasures of mankind—
Which, gently wafted on the breezy gale,
Skims the tall hill, and echos in the vale!
Whilst various groups, on ev'ry side repair
To join in songs divine, in praise and pray'r—
Some distant seen, in many a winding trod—
All slowly bending to the House of God.
Hail! Sabbath, hail! whose hours might much prolong
My feeble strains, and still adorn my song.
O may mankind, this sacred day protect
From ev'ry insult vile, and cold respect;
Till all obtain (with full assurance blest)
The promis'd Sabbath of eternal rest!

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

HERE still the cottage stands, the house of lore,
And still the woodbine blossoms near the door,
Where learning flourish'd in a small degree;
In which we learnt to lisp our A, B, C;
Nor leave unsung, amid the childish race,
The aged Mistress that adorn'd the place!
There was a neatness in her garments shown,
A clean white apron, and a coat of brown—
Silk handkerchief, that held one single pin,
And fair mob cap that circumscrib'd her chin—
Plac'd in her chair beside the corner stool,
'Twas thus array'd she taught her little school.
Here oft, when scarce one little mouth was dumb,
Her voice was drowned in the gen'ral hum;
Yet when commotion loudly rag'd the most,
When peace and silence seem'd entirely lost,

Her rod display'd—a change out-ran our doom,
And silence occupied at once the room.
The rule of order she completely knew;
Her strokes were weighty, but those strokes were few;
So good her science, that she reap'd, unsought,
Much praise for almost ev'ry child she taught.
Nay sneer not reader when a truth is told—
She was a matron of no common mould.
There was a happier time, ere want distress'd,
When fortune smil'd, with more than plenty bless'd;
When her kind bounty cheer'd a suppliant train,
And cherish'd sickness on the bed of pain.
There was a time, when link'd in hand and heart
In holiest bonds—too soon, alas! to part—
With one than whom, to ocean's realms confin'd
Are few more gentle found, more truly kind;
One ship he own'd—to him much praise was due,
As chief and leader of his little crew;
Long had he sail'd upon the foaming deep,
Where countless billows endless warfare keep;—
Long had he borne its bleak and stormy rage,
To purchase ease, and bless retiring age;

He sail'd last time when summer deck'd the ground,
When bounteous nature spread profusion round;
He left his home;—but here may pity mourn;
The ship departed never to return.
Then guess the grief and apprehensive fear
Of her who ever held his form so dear;
In vain she brav'd the cold and piercing gale,
In hope to hail his bark's returning sail;
In vain she trac'd the Humber's winding shore,
To mark what she must never witness more.
For lo! what time December tempests blow—
One instance more, how frail are things below—
He sunk where lightnings flash'd in awful form,
Amid the rocks, the billows, and the storm.
Thus from a seat of smiling plenty hurl'd,
And friendless cast upon a frowning world,
She left yon mansion fair, with walls of red,
And here retir'd, to earn her scanty bread.
'Twas here she liv'd—alas! how chang'd her lot!—
The humble tenant of a lowly cot.
'Twas here with thought on future joys intent,
The sunless ev'ning of her life was spent.
The paths of virtuous love she ever trod,
And died, undoubtedly, a child of God.

A VISIT FROM BRIDLINGTON TO FLAMBRO' HEAD.

'Twas summer; and the morning gay
Bespoke a clear, a beauteous day;
The sea, with sun-beams dimpled o'er;
The billow lightly touch'd the shore;
When safe on board, a cheerful band
Proclaim'd adieu to those on land;
The breeze was fresh, the tide ran strong;
Quick o'er the deep we dash'd along,
Some little to the right inclin'd,
And left the sandy shores behind.
Due left the northern hills were seen,
Corn fields, and woods, a pleasing green;
But to the right, 'twas to the eye
One blue expanse of sea and sky.

Thus cradled on the faithless deep,
How could reflective feelings sleep!
Easy it was (as o'er the tide
Our little boat was seen to glide)
To muse on dangers—free from pain—
The dangers of the pathless main;
To think how soon our crew so gay,
Might sink beneath the ocean's spray,
Surrounded by the watry scene,
'Midst life and death, a plank between.
But such a state of wild despair,
Thank Heaven it was not our's to share;
No rocks or storm portended harm;
The breeze became the stillest calm;
Our canvass flagged; the friendly oar
Did what our sail had done before;
A fairer sea or brighter sky,
Had seldom blest the gazer's eye.
The sun had reach'd meridian height,
When *Flambro' Cliffs* were close in sight,
That lift their tow'ring heads sublime,
And mock the ravages of time;
Where flocks of various birds abound,
Repeating many a hollow sound—

The *cormorant* and *gull's* wild shriek,
At ev'ry pause the silence break;
And thousands more their croakings give;
Here breed, and on the ocean live.
The craggy coast now full in view,
Our vessel, that still shoreward drew,
Steer'd round the promontory's brow,
And left the cavern rocks below,
And landed in a creek or bay,
Unknown its name;—suffice to say,
That num'rous boats upon the beach,
Lay far beyond the ocean's reach,
Extended o'er a sandy space;
The ebbing tide had left the place;
Here many a net hung out to dry,
Impos'd upon the passing eye;
And hooks and baits were seen around,
And scraps of fish bestrew'd the ground;
And various implements display'd,
That constitute the fisher's trade.
Providing for their labours drear,
The fishermen were also here;
A hardy race, rough, stout, and bold,
Inur'd to hardships, toils, and cold;

Who, while the world lies hush'd in sleep,
Launch out upon the foaming deep,
Extend the sail or ply the oar,
And quit their friends and native shore,
And, dashing o'er the ocean's spray,
Far on the billows bound away;
Thus days, and months, and years are past,
Till age or sickness close the last.
Whilst others sweep the neighb'ring strand,
And drag the scaly tribe to land,
Climb the lone cliffs, or cavern's glen,
Far from the busy haunts of men;
And, plac'd where waves and tempests frown,
Live, to the world how little known!

As up the winding hill we drew,
The tow'ring light-house rose to view;
A comely structure, form'd to please,
And ever faithful to the seas;
With changing shades of red and white,
That variegate the gloom of night;
Here, ranging round, and round, and round,
Until the topmost step was found,
Plac'd high in air 'twixt earth and sky,
Say what engag'd the wond'ring eye!

'Tis true no waveless lake was seen,
Skirted with woods of beauteous green;
'Tis true, no mountain's tow'ring height,
Arose to strike the eager sight;
Tho' certainly the eye was borne
O'er many a field of rip'ning corn,
And straggling trees, and hamlets brown,
And reach'd indeed an ancient town;
Tho' dimly seen, the view was our's,
Of Filey rocks and Scarbro' tow'rs.
But chiefly Neptune's realms convey'd
A changing view of light and shade;
Beyond the bosom of the cliff
Appear'd a little neighb'ring skiff,
And many a boat, with vig'rous oar,
Ply'd round the solitary shore;
And from that very shore upright,
(Good Heavens! it seem'd a dreadful height)
We gaz'd, till gazing cherish'd pain,
For leagues across the dark blue main,
And noted many a distant sail,
That sought in vain the friendly gale;
For not a breath was felt to blow,
The ocean's flood lay calm below.

Tho' now we mark'd the calm serene,
Yet fancy might reverse the scene,
And view when winds and darkness reign,
The light-house gleaming on the main,
That warns the seaman, far from land,
Of rocks, and shoals, and dang'rous strand;
And sure the dangers noted here,
Might chill the stoutest heart with fear;
The rapid tide—the rolling wave—
The craggy rock—and oozy cave,
Assume the wildest, rudest form,
To aid the spirit of the storm.

Woe to the ship that strikes this shore,
When tempests rage, and billows roar;
When the wild storm, in all its might,
Howls dismally the dark long night;
'Midst drifting snows, or rain, or hail,
Sport for the demons of the gale!—
How many a gallant sailor here
Has floated on a wat'ry bier!
Thousands have mingled with the dead,
Round the rude shores of *Flambro' Head*.—
But close the theme that nurtures pain,
And lighter flow my simple strain.

My friends had left their tow'ring station,
And trac'd the beach for recreation;
Our little boat lay dry on land,
The helmsman linger'd on the strand,
Till beckon'd with a friendly voice,
That bid his fainting breast rejoice;
For breasts, however strong and hale,
Without support are doom'd to fail;
A basket, plenteously supplied,
Borne safe across the briny tide,
With all its store was here display'd—
The tow'ring cliffs a welcome shade—
Nor deem the basket's friendly store,
Unwelcome on the sea-beat shore.
You might have laugh'd to see us, round
The ribs of beef that grac'd the ground;
The sickly, had they round us stood,
Might envy appetites so good;
The food was welcome, and the draught
Gave life to converse and to thought;
Care and its frowns seem'd far away,
Reserv'd for some less cheerful day;
Age and its pains were left behind,
And many a joke possess'd the mind;

Young men and maids, a cheerful few,
In bloom of health, compos'd our crew.
Now each had left their rocky seat,
To view the cavern—lone retreat—
Which few approach without some dread;
The mighty cliff o'ertops your head;
'Tis darkness on your entrance here,
Through one rude passage damp and drear—
When, all at once, a sudden light
Bursts forth on the astonish'd sight;
And some were here would scarce agree,
Such place could have been form'd by sea,
Or that the archway here display'd,
The ruthless winds and waves had made;
Through which the ocean was descry'd,—
And one proclaim'd return of tide,
And begg'd there might be no delay,
And loudly talk'd of parting day.
'Twas kind—for night was drawing near:
And now for home—the boat was here—
When each and all with help of hand,
Embark'd, and left the lonely strand;
No fav'ring breeze, no friendly gale,
In kindness fill'd our parting sail;

To force our little vessel through,
The busy oars had all to do.
Here many a gloomy rock was past,
And pointed crag beheld the last,
And jutting cliffs were left behind,
Food for the philosophic mind,—
Till Flambro', fading from the view,
Obtain'd our very last adieu!
  Once more we skimm'd along the main,
Our friends, our home, our port to gain;
Beyond the hills, to us unknown,
We mark'd the glorious sun go down—
The cloudless skies from east to west,
And the smooth ocean's peaceful breast.
The earth in summer's bloom and pride,
While we were borne along the tide,
Display'd a most imposing scene,
Mild, beauteous, soothing, and serene.
At length, our pleasing voyage o'er,
We trod the welcome friendly shore;
And altho' strangers, led to roam,
Each found a hospitable home,
With plenty and attention blest,
Till night brought on the hours of rest.

Remembrance wakes the feeble lay
That tells the pleasures of a day;
But those who form'd our humble train,
On Flambro' cliffs, and on the main,
Cannot deny, till life shall fail,
That truth alone inspires my tale.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

In remembrance of *One*, through all changes I'll keep
This circle of Hair that's so fair to behold;
And whether on land or the boisterous deep,
Preserve it till death chill my feelings with cold.
Yes! yes! gentle maid, whom I ever found kind,
Sincerely believe me when this I declare,
Unto whatever region or state I'm confin'd,
I'll faithfully cherish the *Lock* of your *Hair!*

Should fortune convey me to some distant shore,
Where Britain, dear Britain is far from my view,
The *same*, even there, I would ofttimes explore,
And wistfully muse on the head where it grew.
Ah! think not you've sent it to one who'll refuse
To receive it with joy, or his pleasure disown;

Nor fear that the vulgar your goodness abuse;
For to such it shall never, O, never be shewn!
No! softly and safely, with gentlest hand,
My attention to this shall your kindness requite!
That misfortune and time it might better withstand,
To a secret recess I convey'd it last night;
There, there it shall lie as a much valued treasure,
A favourite gem I will never destroy.
Already my mind feels unspeakable pleasure
Arise from the hope of a far distant joy—
That when age bends your head and has silver'd it o'er,
With secret delight I may vouch this one truth,
That such was the hair my lov'd *Ellen* had wore
In the prime of her days and the bloom of her youth!
Or should death call you hence—which may Heav'n long forbear!—
To my heart it should lessons of wisdom supply;
Should inform me of one who had fled ev'ry care,
And as kindly remind me that I too must die.
If this first be *my* fate, since uncertain's our doom,

I'll solicit some friend, ere I breathe my last pray'r,
When I am consign'd to the dark silent tomb,
To preserve, for *my* sake, the bright *Lock* of your
Hair.
How oft has this *Lock* on your pillow reclin'd,
When the thoughts of your bosom have wander'd
so free,
Ere sleep had dispers'd the lone *musings of mind!*—
I am happy indeed if *they* wander'd to me.
And now fare you well! 'tis the season of sleep;
And accept this uncouth, but affectionate theme;
And the Lock of your Hair I'll in gratitude keep
As a token of friendship, regard, and esteem.

WATERLOO.

THE conquest's complete! the victory's won!
The tyrant's for ever and ever undone!
Peace, once more establish'd beyond the broad main,
Now sheds a mild *calm* o'er the graves of the slain!

Yet mild as the *calm*, and tho' long doom'd to last,
It can never outlive the fam'd deeds of the past;—
Waterloo's well-known fight, tho' ghastly and gory,
Adorns the first page in the annals of glory.

When dead the sad mother, the widow forlorn,
Tradition will sound it to ages unborn;
And proudly proclaim who were foremost in danger,
Who fought and who fell in the land of the stranger!

Brave warriors! more fam'd than the warriors of yore!
Who stood like a *Wolfe*, and who fell like a *Moore!*
Tears will flow for their fate, where e'en kindred's no claims,
And valour with rapture will dwell on their names!

A *Picton*, a *Ponsonby*, deathless in fame!
And all who triumphantly fell with the same—
Peace, peace to their ashes! O! peace to each grave!
They died, and their death was the death of the brave!

When thought turns to plains newly crimson'd with gore,
And numbers once seen we may never see more;
One blessing appears, which may sorrow decrease—
They died not in vain—'twas the purchase of *Peace!*

LINES TO ELLEN ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

It is one who is plac'd at a distance from you,
Who in love and in friendship remembers you too,
Now sends, dearest Ellen, the readiest way,
To kindly inform you 'tis Valentine Day.
Half afraid, I confess, O fain would I know,
If her feelings condemn me for notions so low?
Be hush'd ev'ry fear;—condemn me? Ah! no,
She must not—she will not—she cannot do so;
For soon she discovers, altho' it prove vain,
No unkindness, no ill, in the amorous strain.
If an error it be, for I really can't tell,
It is but the error of loving too well.
Then go, friendly paper, with candour I pray,
Go tell her I love her—O do not delay;

Go vouch it for truth, and as firmly declare,
For I certainly think, nay I solemnly swear,
Of all the fair maidens in village or town,
Whom beauty, or fashion, or merit make known,
Might I take my own choice, and range through and through,
My fancy, dear Ellen, would fix upon you.
Blow softly, ye winds, on the face of my fair,
As ye wave the bright curls of her beautiful hair;
Blow soft on her cheek, where good nature is seen;
On her lips, and those teeth of such whiteness between!
May health and contentment be found ever nigh,
And the sweetest of sleep shade the beams of her eye;
And no sounds break her slumbers or ruffle her breast;
No dreams, save the dream of the youth she loves best.
Would that youth were the youth, who is led to exclaim—
(Should there ne'er be a spark to encourage the flame,

The wish and the sigh will be follow'd by more,
Like the billow that bursts on the sea-beaten
shore;)—
As soon may the rocks, that for ages have borne
The wave and the tempest, asunder be torn;
Or mountains and hills in confusion depart,
As I cease to remember the *Nymph* of my *heart!*

THE SUICIDE'S GRAVE.

ONE calm summer's eve, when the earth seem'd to vie
With the mildness that reign'd in a clear settled sky,
In my wand'rings from home, o'er the grounds that lay wide,
I, by chance, trod the grave of a poor Suicide:
A foot-path directs to this lonely abode,
And the wild spreading woods overshadow the road;
Where the savage and tender have shelter and rest;
Where the fox has his hole and the dove has her nest;—
In a place thus sequester'd, and dreary around,
The grave of poor Mary is still to be found.

How oft in yon meads has she sung o'er her pail!
So the neighbouring villagers tell the sad tale,
And boast of her charms and her innocence too;
But her lover was worthless, unchaste, and untrue;
And he, who had promis'd to prove her chief friend,
It is said, was the cause, the sad cause, of her end!
There's the old hollow tree, and the hillock beside;
The bough where she hung, and the spot where she died;
And near to the place where she heav'd her last breath,
The once distress'd maiden now slumbers in death!
Still rest on poor outcast in this silent glen,
Free from noise of the world and the tumults of men!
Ah! why should we censure, or why should we blame?
It is *Heaven* alone that can judge of the same;
For, doubtless, they've griefs who can strike the rash blow,
That minds less afflicted are never to know.

APPROACH OF SPRING.

How welcome is yon clear blue sky,
That marks the mild approach of Spring!
Welcome the joy to heart and eye,
Of almost ev'ry living thing.
The Cuckoo's voice, the Blackbird's lay—
And thousands more, delighted sing,
From thicket, bush, or vernal spray,
The mild, the kind approach of Spring!

The snow-clad hill, and frozen plain,
Erewhile the scenes of Winter drear,
Now deck'd with flow'rs, a pleasing train,
In all the soul of life appear.

The crocus, with its orange hue,
And beauteous snow-drops grace the ground;
The primrose pale, and violet blue,
Diffuse the sweetest fragrance round.

The hawthorn half unfolds its leaves,
And trees their buds and bloom display;
From yon bright sun new power receive,
That lengthens each succeeding day.
'Tis thus with *green* and blossoms fair,
The eye is pleas'd;—the ear beguil'd
With many a kind and welcome air,
And many a wood-note warbled wild.

Say not that I shall cease to love
Spring's mild approach, her earliest flow'r;
Or cease to mark that *Pow'r* above,
That clothes with leaves my fav'rite bow'r!
Ah! who can doubt the Almighty's plan,
That thus renews creation's bloom,
Will fail to give departed man
New form, new life, beyond the tomb?

SUMMER.

SUMMER's a season truly fair!
The rose, Britannia's fav'rite flow'r,
Now many a breast is proud to wear;
And seek the woods and court the bow'r.
In green the waving corn is drest,
And various pleasing scenes are found;
With flowerets gay the meads are blest,
And hay-fields scent the country round.

And shall fair Summer's beauteous reign,
In thought regardless pass away?
The shady tree, the blooming plain,
The longest and the brightest day?

Never—while life is mine to hold—
Or visions of delight are fled—
Shall Summer fade away untold,
With mornings bright and ev'nings red!

Season of beauty, life, and light!
How fair the earth, how clear the sky!
The sun shines forth in all his might,
And mocks the gazer's feeble eye.
Spring has its storms—hail, frost, and snow;
But radiant suns, that cloudless shine,—
And gales, that free from chillness blow—
These, Summer! these are chiefly thine!

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN displays on ev'ry side
A scene of gay profusion round;
The hopes of Spring, and Summer's pride,
In this fair season may be found:—
With fruit the orchard's cover'd o'er;
The pear and plumb their ripeness show;
The apples, fit for winter's store,
And nuts, in clusters, grace the bough!

The glorious harvest now demands
The scythe and sickle from their rest;
And o'er the gaily smiling lands,
With joy inspires the vig'rous breast.

And what more pleasing can prevail
Than Autumn, with her yellow sheaf?
When spacious corn-fields court the gale,
That waves the slightly faded leaf.

Should length of years and age be mine,
The hoary lock, and alter'd mien,
The eye that may no more define
The charms of Autumn, dimly seen—
O may I never cease to hear,
As o'er the fields I'm led to roam,
The reaper's voice, in accents clear,
And joyful shouts of Harvest Home!

NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER! dull month—darkest month of the year—
With sorrow I hail thee, so gloomy thy sway;
When the face of creation is mournful and drear,
And leaf, bud, and blossom, have faded away.
Chill winds,—and whole days without sun meet the eye,
Save a cold cheerless glance on the verge of the sky.

Adieu to the lily! that bloom'd in the dale;
Adieu to the daisy! that smil'd on the hill;
The scents of the garden no longer prevail,
And lifeless the verdure that shaded the rill!
Ah! the rill too, that purl'd in soft murmurs before,
Foams aloud, or congeal'd, purls in murmurs no more.

See, how alter'd the woodlands! No longer gay
green
Inspirits the eye and gives life to our views;
This colour is fled,—and now little is seen
But the sickliest tints and the deadliest hues.
The evergreens only shed one summer's smile,
Undismay'd by the frowns of our storm-beaten isle.

In the wide-spreading forest no harmony reigns;
Sweet Philomel warbles at midnight no more;
The thrush and the linnet have finish'd their strains,
And the swallows are gone to some far distant
shore;
There destin'd to twitter,—mild, innocent train!
Till the cowslip and primrose re-blossom again.

No sounds of endearment are heard on the plains;
No longer the bee skims the face of the lawn;
Our meads, ever wet, smoke with cold soaking
rains;
And fled are those charms that enliven'd the
dawn.
Whilst rivers foam loudly, and, ceaseless in motion,
Pursue their swift flight to the depths of the ocean.

The ocean! How dread from the beach to look down!
Do you see yonder bark? What a scene for the eye!
Over vallies and mountains alternately blown;
Now ingulph'd in the deep!—now half-hid in the sky!
Where fierce bounding billows the waters deform,
And the wonders of heaven are seen in the storm!

Now the leaves patter round us, pale, wither'd, and sear;
Half of which are dispers'd; and the rest that remain,
By each rude gust of wind, in its ruthless career,
In showers are daily consign'd to the plain:
And bleak howling tempests and hurricanes rove
Through the wind-shaken bower and desolate grove!

Yet, November, tho' joyless and gloomy I find thee,
And feel the lone season strike cold to my heart,
I've as oft found a pleasure as kindly remind me
Of joys, that this gloom and distress do impart
To the fireside circle, while winds howl above,—
In the calm of society, friendship, and love.

While Hope points to prospects as fair as the past;
When Spring re-appears with her heart-cheering powers,
Dispelling the frowns of the wintry blast,
With zephyrs, and sunshine, and soft vernal showers;
When all that the muse has been tempted to mourn,
Shall as kindly, as gaily, as sweetly return!

THE POACHER.

BEHOLD that broken window! shatter'd sight!
With patch and board that half exclude the light:
Observe that roof, with ev'ry tempest shook;
That door as wretched, on a crazy hook;
Where ruin and distress, alike combin'd,
Pourtray an emblem of its owner's mind.
He, far remov'd from nature's gen'ral plan,
O'erlooks the brute, but scarce arrives at man.
In ignorance and vice matur'd and bred—
Rude as the storms which howl above his head:
Oft on his filthy bed he may be found,
When Sunday's sacred bells chime sweetly round;
Or vilely plac'd amid a chosen few,
That form, at best, a most unhallow'd crew.

Of late a dark and dreadful howling squall,
Threw down his long-neglected garden wall;
Fast fell the rain, the wind from westward blew,
Which laid a wretched rood of land to view,
O'ergrown with weeds, with briars compass'd round
Where various lumber interspers'd the ground;
Where many a bone and many a wing was laid,
To prove and testify his pilf'ring trade.
His trade consists of death in various shapes;
Fish, flesh, nor fowl, his murderous hands escapes!
At dead of night, when weary eye-lids close,
When the wild world is hush'd in soft repose;
When sorrow, on her couch, gives way to sleep,
And wretchedness awhile forgets to weep;
When not a star illumes the ærial doom,
He stalks abroad, regardless of the gloom,
Through many a secret haunt and winding way,
A nightly robber, in the quest of prey!
A sneaking cur attendant, in the dark,
Receives his curses, if he chance to bark:
Fraught with the terrors of a guilty mind,
He dreads a foe in ev'ry breath of wind;
There plies the meshy net and treach'rous snare,
Death to the rabbit and the tim'rous hare;—

And when the business of the night is done—
Business that honesty will ever shun—
Ere dawn of day disperse the clouds of night,
Slinks to his hut, and sleeps away the light.
'Tis strange! that man should e'er, on British soil,
Prefer such life to that of honest toil!
And pass his fleeting days in acts of shame,
The great and good will never cease to blame.

THE EVENING STAR.

I've oftimes mark'd at close of day—
When sunk the sun's mild setting ray—
Bright twinkling, in the cloudless west,
One lovely Star precede the rest—
And felt some joys no time can mar,
Whilst gazing on the Evening Star.

Hail! lovely, radiant orb of light,
That marks the near approach of night;—
Hail! beauteous orb! serenely blest,
That tells the coming hours of rest!
The toil-worn breast, in fields afar,
With joy beholds the Evening Star!

At day's decline, when some retire
To raise their little evening fire,

And taste repose, to guilt unknown,
How oft I've left the busy town,
Well pleas'd to quit its noise and jar,
To muse beneath the Evening Star!

Tho' superstition's wild amaze
Proclaims the meteor's fiery blaze,
Is sign of famine, war, and strife,
And half the various ills of life—
Sure thou'rt no sign of want or war—
'Tis peace attends the Evening Star.

Time was the seaman's searching eye
Look'd out for thee in yonder sky,
Full long proclaim'd his friendly guide,
When drifting on the ocean's tide;
At times, while toss'd on seas afar,
His surest guide the Evening Star.

The great, the proud, in all their might,
Who climb ambition's dreadful height,
Must die!—and time that cancels fame,
Blot out the record of each name—
Whilst thousands, still unborn, there are,
May live to bless the Evening Star!

REFLECTIONS ON NAPOLEON.

THE sword is sheath'd, the battle's o'er,
The sounds of war are heard no more;
No more the beacon's blazing light
Sheds terror through the silent night;
No more are dreadful feats perform'd,
Or towns defac'd, or cities storm'd
By hostile armies, crowd on crowd;—
The *War Chief* slumbers in his shroud!
On St. Helena's lonely isle,
Where Hope disdain'd to wear a smile—
Midst gloomy rocks and seas of foam,
Far, far from country and from home—
And far from scenes of glory past,
'Twas here *Napoleon* breath'd his last!

Ah! what avail'd *Marengo's* fight?
The battle won, the foemen's flight!
When *Gallia's* eagles dash'd along,
Victorious o'er the perish'd throng!
Or *Austerlitz'* dread field of fame,
That gilded o'er the victor's name;
Till vanquish'd chiefs his feats allow'd,
And warriors cring'd, and monarchs bow'd.
Ah! what avail'd, in evil hour,
That thirst of conquest and of power?
Regardless of the dying groan,
The *Widow's* grief, the *Orphan's* moan;
Regardless of the *Mother* wild,
Who frantic mourns her slaughter'd child;
Regardless of the drooping *Maid*,
The *Lover*, and the peaceful shade,
He sever'd in the battle's strife,
The nearest, dearest ties of life;
A host of foes in arms withstood,
And grasp'd a throne through seas of blood!
But short his triumphs, short his sway—
Behold the *mighty* and the *gay*,
From that proud throne, so late attain'd,
And from that height so hardly gain'd,

Now falls—his dream of glory o'er—
And in that fall to rise no more!
Now plac'd beneath misfortune's frown,
And doom'd to quit his kingly crown;
To other chiefs, more favour'd, yield
The sceptre, senate, and the field—
His former pomp and power forego,
And plead the mercy of his foe;
Compell'd to pass his lonely time
In distant land, in foreign clime;
And wear in thought the captive's chain,
Amid the vast Atlantic main.
No child, no *bosom friend* was there,
His heart to cheer, his griefs to share;
To check the lone, dejected sigh,
And dash the tear from sorrow's eye.
And did he pass his days so drear,
Unaided, hopeless, *friendless*, here?
Were none found faithful to the end?
O, yes! indeed he had a friend;—
Nor scarcely lives, howe'er distress'd,
The man who finds no feeling breast,
To kindly act some tender part,
And soothe an almost broken heart;—

But without one more near allied,
While here, he liv'd;—and when he died,
No pitying mother mark'd or took
His last *farewell*, his *dying look*;
No faithful *wife*, at latest breath,
Hung fondly round the couch of death;
No brother's sigh—no sister's tear,
Was heav'd or wept beside his bier!—
Nor was his latest earthly doom
A pompous grave, a princely tomb;
Beside the *spring* and *willow's* shade—
To which, in life, he visits made—
And sat beneath the noon-tide ray,
Or pass'd in thought the close of day—
(Where no fair, hallow'd temples rise)
'Tis here the mighty victor lies!
And what! no monumental stone,
To mark the warrior's mould'ring bone?
'Tis said, no statue hangs its head,
In mournful silence o'er the dead!
Then let the weeping *willow* wave,
That skirts his deep, his lonely grave,
A drooping emblem of his fate,
Memento of his last estate;

And St. Helena's sea-girt isle
Record the name of *him* the while,
Who shews the world, whate'er betide,
The vanity of human pride!

THE CONVICT.

And is this the lone region, assign'd
For the hopeless to heave the deep sigh,
Where *guilt* breathes her woes to the wind,
And the wretched are banish'd to die?
Yes! here I must languish forlorn!
It is here I am doom'd to deplore
A country from which I am torn,
And friends I may visit no more!

Tho' so healthful the clime, and around
Wild nature in grandeur is drest,
Not a charm in this land have I found
To soothe my sad bosom to rest;—

Still Britain! dear land of my birth!
Tho' thy frowns and thy tortures are felt,
Still how fondly I cling to the earth
Where my forefathers happily dwelt!

Thy hills and thy vallies so fair,
In my youth so engaging to me,
With countless endearments ensnare,
And chain my affections to thee.
Never more at the close of the day,
From my *cottage*, so near to the brook,
Shall I mark the bright sun's setting ray,
O'er the wood that embosom'd the rook!

Never more shall the smiles of that home,
On me their kind influence bestow;
Tho' a grief to my friends I must roam,
It is pleasure to think, and to know
I shall not rob a father of joy;
For his griefs and his sufferings are past;
I receiv'd his kind look when a boy,
And remember that look was his last!

But, ah! where's the mother so kind,
And kindred that press'd the same knee?

Do they still live to bear me in mind?
Peradventure they still think of me.
Yet my child, and my own bosom friend,
From whom I was hastily torn,
Who shall kindly protect, and defend
From distress and the world's bitter scorn?

But name not my faults to my child,
Nor her to my mind ever dear—
No guilt has their bosoms defil'd;
And for me, O! suppress the sad tear.
Unconscious were they to the last;
Tho' the deed I was tempted to try,
Was to screen them from poverty's blast,
And shield them from misery's sigh.

Heav'ns! had I but reason obey'd,
To virtue's firm dictates prov'd true,
In chains I had ne'er been array'd,
Nor banish'd from love and from you!
But, 'tis done! and 'tis here I must dwell—
None, through life can my freedom renew!
Kind friends and relations farewell!
O, England! for ever adieu!

GRIEF AND SICKNESS.

PERHAPS you've mark'd a faded form,
In yonder fields, midst summer flowers,
When skies are free from cloud or storm,—
For there he spends some lonely hours.
How sunk that eye! How pale that cheek!
How chang'd his look and outward mien!
How weak that voice, that us'd to speak
So loud, in days that once have been!

O! grant me health and peace of mind,
Kind heaven! accept my humble pray'r;
For sure where grief or sickness reign,
The soul of life cannot be there.
In vain the floweret wastes its bloom—
In vain the sun sheds beauty round—
The fairest scenes are wrapt in gloom,
And brightest suns with sadness crown'd.

153375

THE FOLLOWING LINES

Were written at the request of Mr. James Bennett, Horkstow, as a Compliment to a Young Lady who had made him a present of a Moss-covered Seat, for his Grotto; they were printed, and affixed to the side of it.

In this moss-covered Seat, with green nature array'd,
A young lady her genius and kindness display'd;
Each eye will behold it that enters my grot,
And the praise which it merits shall ne'er be forgot.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG FEMALE,

Known to the Author at an early period of life.

No melting tales of love to you I send,
But firmly must avow I am your friend.—
I could a train of various *charms* unfold,
In form and face,—but these shall not be told;—
Your looks I much admire—yet know, sweet maid,
These looks will *alter*, and those graces *fade*.
Be not your thoughts to fleeting charms confin'd,
But seek the lasting beauties of the mind—
Beauties! design'd to cheer life's thorny way,
And shine when stars and all things else decay!
There surely is a seat prepar'd on high,
In glory, for the virtuous when they die;

May such be yours when this frail life shall cease,
In realms of bliss and everlasting peace!
And now, fair maiden, should you deem me wrong,
And disapprove my *moralizing* song;
If counted worthless, or the thoughts unjust,
Let some bright fire consume the same to dust.
But if your approbation they partake,
For ever keep them, for the writer's sake;
That should kind heaven within his bosom raise
Some brighter, happier thoughts, in future days,
You may be led to read this o'er again—
And say while you survey the feeble strain—
'Twas thus he thought when young amongst mankind,
Ere manhood's vigour had confirm'd his mind!
'Twas thus he thought ere boyish sports were fled—
Ere twice ten years had hover'd o'er his head.

THE BANKS OF THE HUMBER.

SEE yon mansion so fair, where the woodbine and rose
Unite on its walls, and together repose;—
See yon mansion, by nature so favour'd and blest,
With its back to the hills and its front to the west;
Where summer sheds beauties that no one can number;—
Yon lovely abode on the *Banks of the Humber!* *

How fresh blows the air, and how fair are the flowers
That bloom all around and enliven its bowers;
Here the heart is made glad, and delights to declare
How fruitful the prospect around, and how fair!

* Sir John Althorpe's

And peace, and content, and the sweetest of slumber,
Are nightly enjoy'd on the *Banks of the Humber!*

At the silence of eve, when the leaves are all still,
When the air is scarce felt on the verge of the hill,
How delightful to wander along the green way,
Ere the moon gilds the dew-drop that hangs on the spray;
When is heard, smoothly dashing, the skiff's gentle oar,
And the billow as gentle that dies on the shore!

In that lone little wood where no footsteps intrude,
To mar the enjoyment of calm solitude,
I have sat—and so free was my bosom from pain,
I'm resolv'd to be found there again and again.
O, 'tis pleasing to quit the rude world and its noise,
To cherish that quiet my spirit enjoys!

On yon banks, now so gay, doom'd to flourish and fade,
By summer and winter that vary their shade,

It might please you to witness each near-passing sail,
With their ears in the calm, and a reef in the gale;
As o'er the dread depth of the water they glide,
Borne along by the ebb or the flowing of tide.

All health to the owners who claim this abode!
And joy to their bosoms on life's chequer'd road!
Long, long may they live to inhabit the place!—
The same to their offspring who keep up their race;
Who may traverse these walks, and may visit yon shore,
When the *poet* and *parents* can view them no more!

I love the fair spot, all embosom'd in wood,
From whence you may gaze on the high-swelling flood.
And O! when thy days have arriv'd at their bourn—
Since whatever is earthly to earth must return;—
When the cares of this life can no longer encumber,
May *this* form rest in peace on the *Banks of the Humber!*

I. Wilson, Printer, Hull.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

Form 410